

Good Morning 719

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

There's "No Reward"

WHEN V-2 rockets were falling for auctioning old masters at in Southern England, a thousands should be interested famous London store continually in wishbones it is difficult to under- received telephone calls from stand.

people who said they had heard £10 was being offered for the first news of a rocket falling, and that they wished to claim it!

Just how the story got around, no one was able to discover. It certainly was not printed, and investigation produced no evidence of any practical joker sticking up notices.

It appears to have been just one of those stories that "go the rounds," their origin as mysterious as their purpose.

From time to time all sorts of stories about supposed rewards for curious things get going.

Once they get a grip, no amount of publicity explaining that there is no foundation for them seems able to stop optimistic claimants.

For years at one time London bus companies were plagued by passengers who sent in tickets bearing numbers in the belief that the companies had agreed to pay the "face value" of these tickets to any charity named!

They were never able to trace the origin of this strange rumour. Few seemed agreed on what were "lucky" tickets. Some sent tickets in which all the figures were the same, others believed that only 7777 or 9999 were "winners."

Many of the senders were children who had evidently pestered their friends and searched the pavements to make their collections.

PENNIES OF GOLD.

A story that is not dead yet is that during the minting of pennies in 1864, a pot of molten gold accidentally became mixed with the bronze, and as it was too troublesome to separate the metals, the pennies were made from an alloy worth pounds.

These pennies were assiduously hoarded, although the savers can never have found anyone to pay them the sum they considered they were worth. The story about the gold at the Mint was, of course, completely imaginary.

In fact, an 1864 penny to-day is worth a good deal more than face value to collectors, because pennies of that date which marked the change from copper to bronze, are comparatively rare.

A price of 15s. was being paid before the war—but not because they contained any gold!

Closely allied to this story is the one that 1920 pennies are worth £8, which has deceived many people. Pennies minted in 1920 are not worth £8, but one thousand nine hundred and twenty pennies are—work it out and see!

Many of these stories are the result of deliberate hoaxes. That must be the explanation of a plague of wish-bones that descended on a famous London art auction rooms some years ago.

THEY KEPT ONE.

All of them were accompanied by letters saying that the sender had heard the firm was anxious to add to its collection of wish-bones and was paying 5s. or a fountain pen as reward! Why people imagined a firm famous

They did pay 5s. for one—to put in their museum of curiosities with the letter accompanying it in which the sender remarked that he already had a fountain pen, so perhaps they would send the five bob!

In 1917 there appeared an advertisement in a New York paper as follows: "Patriotic Cat Owners, Attention! The lives and health of American soldiers in German prison camps are being seriously menaced by rats. By arrangement with a neutral power, the U.S. Government is shipping great numbers of cats to Germany, where they will be used to eradicate the rodents in prison camps. The Government will pay the following prices for cats in good condition: Males, 2 dollars; females, 1 dollar; kittens, 50 dollars apiece. Bring cats to Postmaster, Central Post Office, Saturday morning."

Four thousand cats turned up, with their patriotic owners, and no amount of protests by the Postmaster that he didn't want cats availed!

At times there is evidence of the most astonishing stories—that learned societies will pay a reward for the first report of a cuckoo in the spring, that a famous fishmonger will pay £1 for every wrinkle shell with a "reversed" twist, and that the Zoo will pay for every monstrosity sent to it!

All of them are, of course, without foundation. A few "open" rewards are paid, but they are generally for the return of such things as meteorological balloons or marked fish, and not for such things as finding printer's errors in books—a thing for which publishers get many "claims" every year.

J. M. MICHAELSON.

Work is Fun,

A.B. Bob

Jenkinson

THERE is going to be a real slap-up reunion party next Christmas at 11, Sunnyside, Bristington, Bristol, the home of Able-Seaman Robert Jenkinson.

Mrs. Jenkinson, his mother, is keeping her fingers crossed in the hope that he will get the leave he expects, and so complete the party.

Your brother Bert, now in Belgium after six years in the Army, Bob, expects to be demobbed very soon, together with his A.T.S. wife, Anne.

Meanwhile, bother Reg, eager for the fray, is going into the Merchant Navy any day now, having passed his medical some time ago.

Everybody in your large and happy family seems to be doing something to help.

Girl friend Teresa is in the Land Army in Dorset, brother-in-law Ted is in India in the Regular Army, and even two-year-old niece Jo (pictured above) is doing

THE brewers are ready to spend £10,000,000 to provide you with the greatest comfort as you drink your glass of beer.

It is part of the plan for setting up "ideal" pubs throughout the country; pubs that will cater for the many and different needs and fancies of men and women, and will bear little resemblance to the local "round the corner" that our fathers knew.

A Government Committee and many eminent people have given their ideas about the pub of the future, though it must be admitted that little effort has been made to ask the people who frequent the pubs what they want.

This began in 1942, at the height of the war, when the Home Office appointed a committee to map the future of British public-houses. It was presided over by Mr. William Norris, K.C., and included representatives of the licensed trade and local authorities.

Strong views were put forward by the committee. The licensing magistrates were blamed for taking too narrow a view on pubs in the past, and preventing their modern development.

They had a word to say, too, concerning out-dated, centuries-old laws which have often stood in the way of sweeping reforms. While they suggested that there should be fewer pubs, they want them to be larger and more comfortable. Sex equality was recognised by this committee, which agreed that the post-war pub should be a cheerful and clean place, catering equally for women as well as men.

During the war our pubs were among the strong fortifications of this country. While they helped to keep up the morale of the people during bombing and after long hours

NARROW escapes from death are the common lot of men of the Royal Navy, but 24-year-old A.B. Albert Holmes, whose home is at 52, Orchard Lane, Southampton, has a life more charmed than most men.

Three times in this war he has escaped death at sea. The first time he was one of the few



her bit to keep up morale with her mischievous smile.

She is having ballet and tap dancing lessons just to make Uncle Bob fall even more heavily when he sees her!

Your mother still finds time to work in the canteen at the local bus depot. She even volunteered to work during the two VE-Day holidays while the rest of the family made whoopee! What a brick she is!

Sister Margaret thinks you will be interested to hear that her husband Bob has opened up a garage at Westbury, Bristol. She is delighted now that the basic ration has been restored, as they are going to get the motor-bike on the road again!

Margaret says two gallons a month isn't much, but a little basic goes a long way!

What Do You Mean by an "Ideal" Pub?



Travellers find comfort and good beer at Beltring, in Kent.

of labour, giving relaxation and a social life, they suffered many grim casualties. Hundreds of licensed houses were destroyed or so badly damaged that they will need re-building.

NEW BREW.

The brewers are ready to do their part. They have ambitious plans and want to build in the new Britain pubs that will take a larger and more distinguished part in the life of the community than ever before. The brewer, and the landlord, too, has an increased sense of the importance and social side of the trade.

They bear in mind the words of the Vicar of Mansfield, the Rev. H. S. Hutchinson, who expressed the view of many clergymen, when he said: "The calling of an innkeeper, that of

public hospitality, is a Christian and sacred one, exacting a great deal from men. A publican who regards his work as high and holy—as he should, and many do—is a blessing to Britain and our people."

Those words, "public hospitality," are being interpreted in the widest manner by the brewers, though they have to fight opposition from many interests before they can translate them into bricks and mortar.

The well-known architect of pubs, Mr. T. P. Bennett, who is busy making plans for some of the leading breweries, pleads for round bars, separate snack counters and rooms in different settings from "ye olde worlde" like the pub of Dickens's days to the ultra-modern for a cocktail bar.

"Do people prefer to drink standing?" That has been one of the most debated questions, and the general opinion has been towards the abolition of the brass foot-rail, which encourages standing, and the provision of more room and many chairs.

The idea of a pub becoming a social centre is predominant in all plans of the brewers. Perhaps the old country pub will gradually give way to the super-roadhouse, with garaging and petrol facilities, with at least a dozen rooms for travellers, perhaps a swimming pool, a separate room for darts and other games, and a room where the visitor can listen to the radio or watch television.

The landlord of the future will have to be a real host as well as an expert in the running of entertainment, able to organise socials, dancing and meetings.

COMMUNITY LIFE.

Town pubs may also be transformed, with reading and radio rooms, a miniature concert hall, a theatre hall available for local organisations and for the "Brains' Trust" talents of the locality, and other social events. Some plans go as far as to include even nurseries where young children can be left under a trained nurse, while mother and father have a drink with some friends or attend a function.

It is most certain that new town pubs will have ample accommodation for those who want to enjoy a game of darts, chess or dominoes, without being banished into some corner.

During the war so many thousands of people came together in works canteens, British Restaurants, Civil Defence Posts and air raid shelters, that there is a very strong desire to continue the facilities for community life.

Pubs want to fill the partial breach that peace has brought. All the plans lay great emphasis on making the pub a "respectable" place, and its importance in the planning of many garden suburb estates which have suffered from not having one in the past, is fully recognised.

Those are the plans for the future of your locals.

Peter Leighton

Home Town Talk

survivors of the sinking of H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth.

Subsequently, while serving in H.M.S. Stevenstone at Malta, he was swept overboard by a heavy sea. Grasping a scrambling net over the ship's side, he hung on until a big wave washed him back on deck.

His last escape was the nearest thing to a miracle that could happen.

While his ship, the corvette H.M.S. Bluebell, was escorting a convoy which fought its way from Britain to Russia and back against intensive air and U-boat attacks, she was struck by a torpedo and, in the words of an eye-witness, "appeared just to disintegrate."

Only one of her crew survived—Seaman Holmes, who was seen swimming among flaming oil in the freezing water.

In spite of an 80-knot gale he was picked up, badly burned, but alive to tell an amazing tale.

SALVO!

EXUBERANCE of a well-known Southampton business man who was throwing a VE-Day party at his home reached the limit when he decided to fire a "feu-de-joie" with his double-barrelled shotgun.

Next morning he was seen clambering up a ladder with a pair of pliers to do a little repair job.

WIZARDS KNEW.

WHEN an Allied victory over Germany was an assured, if not accomplished, fact, the Associated Wizards of the South, a society of amateur

magicians with their headquarters in Southampton, decided to hold a victory celebration dinner on a certain date fixed by the committee.

By a touch of wizardry, which disbelievers in magic might call a coincidence, they happily selected May 8—VE-Day!

KING SUES QUEEN.

AN action, "King v. Queen," was in the list at Southampton County Court.

The plaintiff, Mrs. King, was successful in obtaining possession of a house occupied by a Mr. Queen.

AT THE ASSEMBLY.

AT the meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh the most topical debate was about the non-fraternisation of troops with the Germans.

The Rev. Dr. Neville Davidson, Glasgow Cathedral, and ministers supporting him argued that fraternising would contribute to the spiritual conversion and moral re-education of the Germans.

A letter read during the debate, from an officer stationed in the Berlin district, indicated that the order makes life very uncomfortable, and the writer wondered "how long we can go on hating or pretending to hate our enemies."

CREEPY.

ROBERT CLARK, of Coalpit Heath, (height 6ft. 4ins.), obtained his release as a Bevin Boy working at his home town colliery because he found it difficult to creep into the working places owing to his great height. So he is to join the Guards. That's one way of getting past Mr. Bevin.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE JUMPING FROG—By Mark Twain

THERE was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides.

Anyway, what suited the other man would suit him—anyway just so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner.

He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you.

If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here; and so he was too, a good man.

If he even seen a straddler bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would follow that straddler-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road.

Lots of boys here has seen

that Smiley and can tell you about him.

Why, it never made no difference to him—he would bet on any thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Providence, she'd get well yet.

And Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-er Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind.

They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at you'd think he warn't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something.

But as soon as money was upon him, he was a different dog; it was his under-jaw'd begin to stick out

like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces.

And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up.

him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and lay down and died.

It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under the circumstances, if he hadn't no talent.

If you have never laughed at Mark Twain before, you'll laugh now at the ornery cuss that beat Dan'l Webster

And then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the jint of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year.

Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad.

He gave Smiley a look as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for

It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-er Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you.

He ketches a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump.

And you bet you he did learn him, too.

He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one way and that, and says, summerset, or may be a couple, if "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's he got a good start, and come down good for?"

He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in

practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him.

Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him.

Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snack a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do.

You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted.

And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see.

Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red.

Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet.

One day a feller—a stranger in the camp he was—come across him with his box, and says: "What might be it you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferently like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, summerset, or may be a couple, if "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's he got a good start, and come down good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I should judge—he can out-

jump any frog in Calaveras county." The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate:

"Well, I don't see no p'int's about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you an't only a amature, as it were."

"Anyways, I've got my opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. What do you call a hand of cards containing nothing higher than nine?
2. Of what material could you buy a tod?
3. What is the approximate depth of water at the North Pole?
4. Who wears three crowns, one on top of the other?
5. What is the rule of the road in Japan?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Kent, Surrey, Devon, Flint, Essex, Somerset.

Answers to Quiz in No. 718

1. Under a suit of armour.
2. Venezuela.
3. Four. (Great O., Little O., York O., Sussex O.).
4. Esperanto.
5. 32.
6. Leveret is an animal; others are birds.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By Cathryn Rose

NOBEL prize-winner, Sinclair Lewis, has written a new novel. It is called, "Cass Timberlane," and already Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have bought the film rights.

In fact, they did not even wait for its publication. The book was bought from galley proofs.

The story, which is centred round a small-town judge and his pretty, restless wife, is scheduled for early production, with an all-star cast.

HOLLYWOOD is becoming increasingly aware of the charm and value of child actors and actresses. Ever since the Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew era proved such a success, more and more child-stars have appeared on the cluttered highway to stardom.

Latest aspirant to fame on the silver (or technicolor) screen is seven-years-old Dean Stockwell, who will make his screen debut in M.-G.-M.'s "Anchors Aweigh."

Other young scintillants worthy of note include Margaret O'Brien, who played with Judy Garland so winningly in "Meet Me. St. Louis," Elizabeth Taylor, star of "National Velvet," Jackie "Butch" Jenkins, who gives a commendable performance in "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," and Sharon McManus, who's first big part is coming along shortly in "Tenth Avenue Angel."

Taken altogether, child-stars are having their biggest boom ever in the film-world.

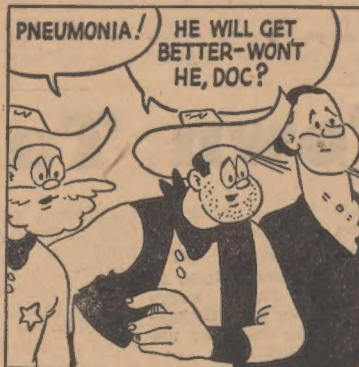
ROBINSON CRUSOE is being made ready for the screen. Not by the Americans, nor yet by the British, but by the Russians.

Furthermore, it will be the first full-length production using depth on the screen as well as height and width; that is, it will be the first full-length third dimensional film.

Apparently only a slight alteration is needed to the ordinary camera, but a new type of glass screen imparts the third dimensional effect.

If the experiment is a success, movie-makers here and in Hollywood will lose no time in adopting the screen.

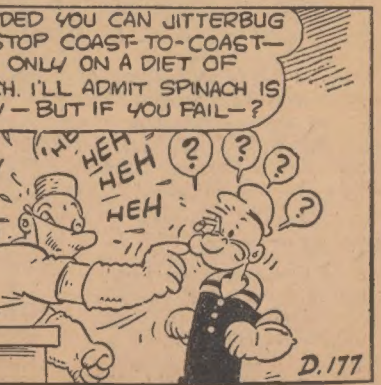
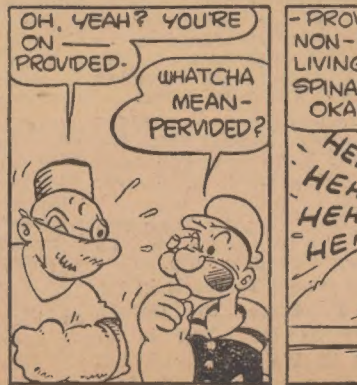
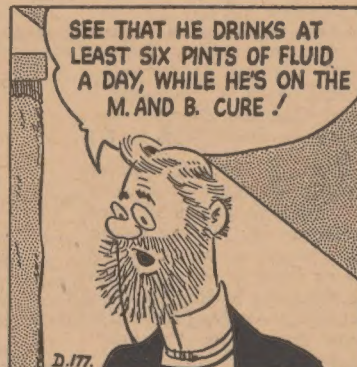
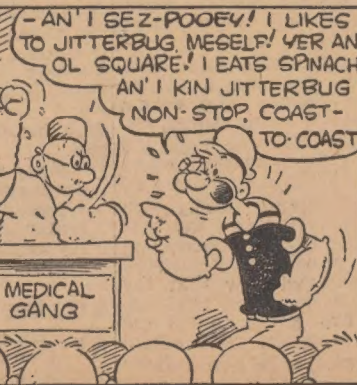
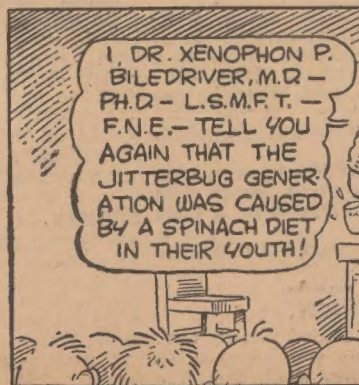
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



The Jumping Frog

(Continued from Page 2)

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I can't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog."

And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prised his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor.

Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word."

Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge.

He was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out.

Smiley was a good deal surprised and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and

started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate:

"Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there an't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow."

And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up, and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot.

And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him.

THE END

ALEX CRACKS

A flea and an elephant walked side by side over a little bridge. Said the flea to the elephant after they were on the other side: "Boy, we sure did shake that bridge."

"I saw the duckiest hat in a shop to-day," said my wife. "All right, all right," I replied, "put it on and let's have a look at it."

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given below, you will find the centre column down gives you our own islands:—

1. Kind of cat.
 2. Measure round the waist.
 3. To play about.
 4. Additional.
 5. To cover with glass.
 6. A mendicant monk.
 7. Animal of the civet type.
- (Answer in No. 720)

1.						
2.						
3.						
4.						
5.						
6.						
7.						

Solution to Puzzle in No. 718.

- | | | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | d | u | C | h | y |
| 2. | e | t | H | e | r |
| 3. | g | r | A | z | e |
| 4. | h | a | R | m | s |
| 5. | n | a | T | a | l |
| 6. | g | r | E | e | t |
| 7. | m | e | R | e | |

Wangling Words No. 659

1. Behead a game and get a warning.
2. Insert the same letter 6 times and make sense of: Do'prousethe'p'ipeumoia.
3. What word of 7 letters, meaning "famous," can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: There is plenty of — in the cupboard for your hats —.

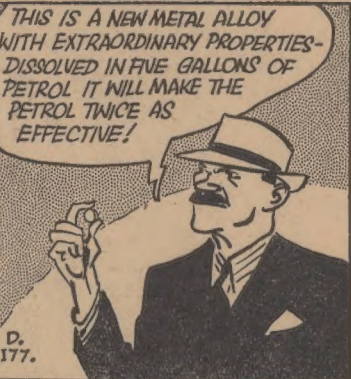
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 658

1. W-hip.
2. Write in ink indicating your position.
3. IMMINENT.
4. Tracing, carting.

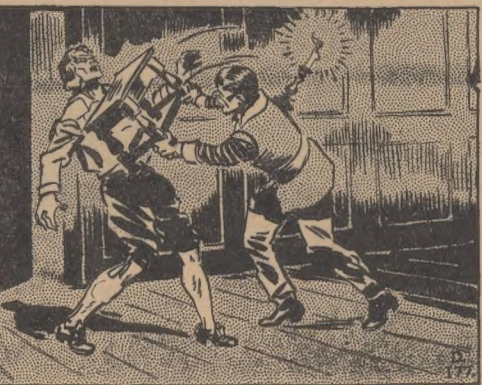
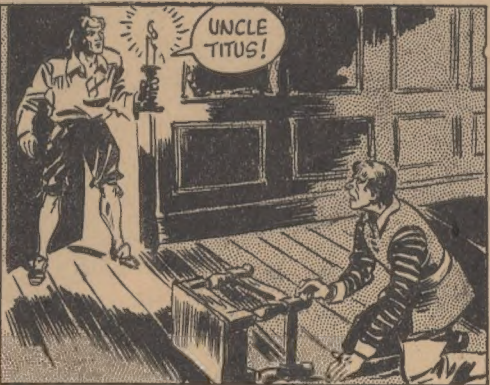
JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TRUE OR FALSE ?

THAT IT CAN BE TOO COLD TO SNOW. "IT'S too cold to snow." "It will be warmer if we get some snow." These two sayings which we often hear in the winter embody widely-held beliefs. Are they true or false.

Modern meteorology suggests that nine times out of ten the notions behind these sayings are true.

The reasons are fairly easy to understand. When it is very cold, there is not likely to be the flow-in of moist air that is necessary for a fall of snow.

Actual statistics show that snow has very rarely fallen in the British Isles when the temperature has been below 12 degrees of frost and that the chances of snow rise steadily with the temperature from that point to freezing point.

It is not true to say that it can ever be too cold for snow, but it is true that the chances of snow falling decrease as the temperature falls.

The really heavy fall occurs when a depression is centred over the islands and moist, warm air flows in. Particularly on a "warm front," the warm air mixing with the very cold air may bring a rise in temperature and, in fact, the snow may be above freezing point by the time it reaches the ground.

On the authority of George Kimbie and Raymond Bush, snow continues to fall unless or until the air temperature rises to four or five degrees above freezing.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

OWN	JAR	SIP
FRAME	ABASE	
FIVER	WEB	T
TANKS	COVE	
HELD	HOOTER	
E	STORM	I
NAB	INDIANA	
CANTEENS	G	
AUDIT	AGILE	
IT	CELL	DON
DEFER	SWEPT	

	1	2	3	4	5	6
7					8	9
10					11	12
13					14	
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31					32	
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CLUES ACROSS.—1. Wrenches. 7 Bud. 8 Electrical unit. 10 Fagged. 11 Propagate. 13 Tear. 14 Harm. 15 Eskimo canoe. 17 Smart blow. 18 Time of day. 20 Horizontal. 22 Direction. 23 Baked dish. 25 Ventilated. 27 Skillful. 29 French North. 31 Tree exudation. 32 Skin eruption. 33 Beetle. 34 Deadened Violin. 35 Miscellaneous.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Part of leg. 2 Gateway. 3 Boy's name. 4 Close to. 5 Standard. 6 Clip. 7 Notice. 9 Welsh girl. 10 Postal cover. 11 Tradesman. 12 Relics. 14 Ship's crane. 16 Long. 19 Assorted. 21 Non-severity. 24 Surrey town. 26 Birds. 28 Neighbouring country. 30 Colour. 32 Colour. 34 High number.

Good
Morning



This is, obviously, one of those tense moments when "fools step in where angels fear to tread." We've never actually thought of ourselves as angels before — but we're certainly not going to put our big feet into this one!

Between ourselves, the Editor has gone all "arty," and is trying to put some real tone into "Good Morning" pin-ups.